



march—april, 1972

LOUISIANA conservationist



EDWIN W. EDWARDS
GOVERNOR

State of Louisiana

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

Baton Rouge



Fellow Conservationists:

During my tenure as Governor it is my desire to have a constructive well organized, adequately financed fish and wildlife resource management program in Louisiana. Throughout my campaign it was very evident that diversion of monies from the Conservation and the Rockefeller Refuge Funds to the General Fund has been a deterrent factor in properly managing our wildlife and fisheries resources.

I assure you I will make every effort to see this practice halted and these funds used only to maintain and develop the fish and wildlife resources of the state. I made this commitment to you and I will do all in my power to fulfill this pledge.

The seafood, trapping and commercial fishing industries must be afforded every degree of development and protection since these serve as a means of livelihood for thousands of people in Louisiana. Sport fishing and hunting are important forms of outdoor recreation for the majority of the people in the state. Only through the proper management of our game and fish habitat can the renewable resources be perpetuated for use by future generations.

I know you will support the proper financing of our fish and wildlife programs and join with me in enjoying these natural resources in the future.

LOUISIANA conservationist

Published Bi-Monthly in the interest of conservation of Louisiana's natural resources by the Wild Life and Fisheries Commission.



EDWIN W. EDWARDS, Governor

CLARK M. HOFFPAUER, Director

R. K. YANCEY, Assistant Director

L. S. ST. AMANT, Assistant Director

SAM MURRAY, Executive Assistant

TED O'NEIL, Chief, Fur Division

ROBERT LaFLEUR, Chief, Water Pollution Control Division

JOE L. HERRING, Chief, Game Division

KENNETH C. SMITH, Chief, Fisheries Division

ALLAN ENSMINGER, Chief, Refuge Division

CHARLES R. SHAW, Pittman-Robertson Coordinator

BENNIE J. FONTENOT, JR., Dingell-Johnson Coordinator

MIKE L. HOGAN, Chief, Enforcement Division

HARRY SCHAFER, Chief, Oyster,
Water Bottoms and Seafood Division

LARRY COOK, Fiscal Officer

W. G. McCARROLL, Personnel Officer

CLAUDE P. LE BLANC, Marine Superintendent

RUDY DUVILLE, Building Superintendent

McFADDEN DUFFY, Information Officer

EDOUARD MORGAN, Museum Curator

I give my pledge as an American to
save and faithfully to defend
from waste the natural
resources of my country—its soil
and minerals, its forests, waters
and wildlife.

LOUISIANA WILD LIFE AND FISHERIES COMMISSION

JERRY G. JONES, Chairman, Cameron

H. CLAY WRIGHT, Vice-Chairman, Evergreen

DOYLE G. BERRY, Berwick

JIMMIE THOMPSON, Alexandria

LLOYD J. AUTIN, Houma

JAMES L. WINFREE, Baton Rouge

JIMMIE WALKER, Pineville

IN THIS ISSUE

Freshwater Fever 5

Play Safe With Sunburn 11

The Lafitte Skiff . . . Born of the Bayou 15

April Picnic—Louisiana Style! 15

Strictly By The Numbers 24

Fish of Louisiana 23

Forest Insect Detection 28

LOUISIANA CONSERVATIONIST MAGAZINE

VOLUME 24 NUMBERS 3 and 4

400 ROYAL STREET • NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA 70130

Subscription Free to Louisiana Residents Upon Written
Request. Allow Minimum of Three Months for Receipt
of First Magazine.

McFADDEN DUFFY, Editor

BOB DENNIE, Associate Editor

LLOYD POISSENOT, Staff Photographer

FRANK J. DAVIS, Staff Writer

KATHLEEN NORRIS COOK, Art and Design

Lithography by CENTURY, NEW ORLEANS

Front cover photography by Bob Dennie

Back cover photography by Lloyd Poissenot

Permission to reprint material in this publication will be granted provided that it is not used for advertising or commercial purposes and provided that proper credit is given. Contributions and photographs are welcome, but LOUISIANA CONSERVATIONIST cannot be responsible for loss or damage to unsolicited material. Manuscripts should be addressed to Editor, LOUISIANA CONSERVATIONIST, Wild Life and Fisheries Commission, Form 3579 to be sent to LOUISIANA WILD LIFE AND FISHERIES COMMISSION, 400 Royal St., New Orleans, Louisiana 70130. Second-Class Postage Paid at New Orleans, Louisiana.



freshwater fever

Speckle trout tearing up shallow-running lures, redfish violently striking live bait, drum and sheepshead snapping wire leaders, mackerel popping heavy tackle, and other such reports seemingly would bring about a thirst quenched only by a fishing trip into salt air country. For no angler can hear of such happenings and still remain sedate.

Let springtime bring in trout and redfish and sheepshead and mackerel, and automatically the Louisiana saltwater fisherman packs his tackle, loads his boat, and vanishes to a spot where the land meets the open gulf. Drawn uncontrollably, he finds it all too good to ignore.

But there is yet another kind of angler, a singular breed less apt to become overly excited. An individual of sort, he is in the minority, as it were, but he wouldn't have it any other way. Where the saltwater angler experiences unparalleled joy over an ice chest full of speckles, this man usually is just as ecstatic over two or three nice-sized bass on a stringer. This rare creature, this gentleman's angler, is the freshwater fisherman.

Often it is asked, "What makes a man sit in a small boat on a lonely bayou, tangling with stumps and weeds, fighting off gnats, fishing for hours, maybe, without a single bite, if he knows he might catch only one or two fish, when he could be fishing saltwater in comfort, landing a prize fish with every bait?"

Surprisingly enough, answers to this query more often than not result in the birth of a new freshwater fisherman.

"It's much better than saltwater fishing!"

"I really feel that I'm fishing, not just catching fish!"

"I can't say why I prefer freshwater, but you should try it!"

Varied responses, although many times not specific, are alluring and spark interest. Devoted freshwater fishermen say that in the final analysis the sport grows on you, converts you, and almost becomes an addiction that all begins with that first, deep-rooted challenge.

Izaak Walton's Epistle to the Reader in "The Compleat Angler" notes that "as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler." It is appropriate in so much that there are very few fishermen who on the first trip out are talented enough or tactful enough to fill a stringer with Black bass, bream, or crappie.

Usually, that first attempt at freshwater is a long, drawn out, boring ordeal that leaves the novice in a state of rank disgust. He can see the bass breaking, he



Opposite Page—In backwater bayous and ponds, using only a lightweight dinghy to steal quietly through the water as not to frighten the fish, freshwater fishermen, angling hard, may drift along for hours before enticing the big ones to strike. Center Left—Extreme concentration on bait or lure is essential if the freshwater angler is to limit out. Watching a veteran at work, one can almost feel the meditation radiating from rod, reel, line, and lure. Above, Top Photo—Solitude blended proportionately with the sound of silence gives many a freshwater fisherman "a place of his own." Quite often anglers speak about that perfect, secret fishing spot at the end of a lonely road, where man can challenge fish and use all the tact, talent, and tackle he can muster. Above—Unlike saltwater fishing, freshwater angling requires additive dedication and the patience of a saint. More often than not, these traits rub off on saltwater fishermen.

witnesses his partner catching fish (which makes things worse if his partner is a veteran), and the techniques appear quite simple, yet he can not even get a nibble, let alone a good strike.

My first freshwater trip was with a real professional, an ace veteran. Reared on saltwater angling, I never could see much worth in sitting in a boat in some backwater canal just hoping to get lucky. I soon learned, however, that luck is the wrong word to use, for contrary to popular belief, freshwater fishing involves very little luck; most of it is an art.

Deliberate concentration, addictive devotion, and the patience of a saint are the stuffings that freshwater anglers are made of. In many years of saltwater fishing, never had I seen a man plan strategic moves to outwit a fish; never had I seen so much creative effort and labor put into fishing; and never had I seen anyone enjoy fishing so much, when, finally, he outsmarted the big bass he was after and landed him.

These traits are standard equipment built into the character of the freshwater fisherman. It is not uncommon to see him hanging halfway out of a dinghy with his nose almost at the waterline trying to choose a spot where "the bottom is just right." It is not out of the ordinary to have him completely ignore whomever he might be fishing with for the sake of silence. It is not unusual for him virtually to sneak up on a small pond like an Indian scout in order to take the big ones by surprise. Because, in essence, freshwater anglers use every maneuver in the book, employed naturally, to fill a stringer.

Since freshwater fishing pits man against fish, man, therefore, must utilize every advantage at his disposal. He must be educated in fishing technique, clever, and ingeniously resourceful just to coax a strike out of the wily freshwater species.

For instance, my tutor capitalized unbelievably on every dibbling situation. One particular morning, fishing in a quiet, almost desolate canal, he saw what later proved to be a five-pound Largemouth bass break water close to the bank and about ten yards from our drifting flatboat. The big fish was well concealed and protected, staying isolated between the bank and a thick mat of grass that hugged the surface, making any attempt to cast into the area of action end in a snagged lure covered with water grasses.

Several artificial baits, including weedless hooks, were used, but in spite of it all the bass continued to play teasingly while thrashing around just below the surface.



"I'll get him out of there yet," the pro whispered, staring with a sinister grin at the rolling wake, "but my technique has to be as natural as possible."

Typical of freshwater angling artists, his tact and talent, spurred by provocative challenge, took over. Sculling close to the bank, he plucked loose a large leaf from an overhanging branch and placed it in the bottom of the boat. After pausing only momentarily, he changed lures again and attached this time a small plastic worm to the monofilament, secured the knot, and smiled, saying, "Watch this, rookie!"

The current was moving slowly down the canal when he positioned the boat against the bank. Then taking the leaf, he gently placed it on the water's surface and rested the plastic worm on top of the floating leaf, such that only a small section of the worm lapped over into the water. It looked natural enough, and I watched as he let out line, working it ever so slowly that the leaf vehicle drifted between the grass and the bank, closer and closer to the playing bass.

Then, when his "natural lure" floated over the spot where the big fish was lurking the angler began a slight action on the rod tip, an action that emanated down the line to the leaf. Immediately the plastic worm began to wiggle and move, and a wake in the water showed convincingly the bass was interested. Finally,

at the right moment, which can not be described, increased action on the rod tip rolled the worm into the water. Split seconds later, the bass sucked it up!

Freshwater fishermen, it is proved, do these kinds of things all the time. They have it over saltwater buffs who need not concern themselves with such technicalities. Where the saltwater sportsman hopes for a bite, the freshwater fisherman manipulates until he creates a strike.

It is in this philosophy and this cartel that the birth of a saltwater-turned-freshwater fisherman manifests itself. Surely every convert has asked himself, "How can he get them to hit the lure if I can't? I'm using the same bait he's using, but they won't bite for me! I'll never fish in freshwater again!"



That last sentence usually is a waste of six words, for it is the farthest expression from the truth as truth can be. Just one day of freshwater fishing is infectious. Like a fever, the challenge is planted and it will not soon subside and not easily wear away. Its continued effects, like a plague, tempt converts as well as veterans to steal away at every opportunity to fish a quiet bayou, an isolated lagoon, a hidden pond, and many other secret spots where just one cast might yield a fine bass, or bream, or sac-a-lait.

Think for a moment about the times you may have toyed with the idea to try fishing the old pipeline channel, or the cypress lake, or the marsh out near the fishing camp. Haven't you ever wondered whether you would catch anything in freshwater? Perhaps you dismissed the thought because you felt you weren't good enough?

There is a point to be made here. Talk to any avid, confirmed freshwater dibbler and the first thing he will tell you is he is still learning. Veterans of thirty years or more admit that because freshwater fish belong in a special category an angler out to get them on a stringer must be willing to learn everything he can



Opposite Page, Far Left—Trying everything in the tackle box is often par for the course. Sometimes it works; sometimes not. But the challenge is always there. Opposite Page, Left—Using the "right" lure is a must, for just because big bass or prize sac-a-lait took one type lure yesterday is no guarantee they will take the same lure today. This, in itself, creates a challenge for the angler; and there are times when the right lure can not be determined and the fisherman goes home empty-handed.



Above, Left—Freshwater fishermen prefer the buddy system, where one angler controls the boat while the other casts close to shore. Up under limbs and branches and between weeds and grass mats are the best spots for freshwater angling because fish use this natural cover for concealment and feeding. Left—"Action at the other end" is the name of the game. Whenever there is an indication of action, whether it be just a nibble, fishing efforts double, pitting man against fish!

about the species; but, they also admit, this is an endless assignment because the fish has the advantage and the angler must learn to cope on terms other than his own.

Certainly, it is not how long one has been fishing freshwater that makes the difference between catching fish and not catching fish, but rather how much experience one can jam into every trip out. Yet, if you are just starting to fish in freshwater, like everything else it is best to start with the basics.

Talk to the professionals and the veterans and accept their views, hints, and suggestions. Usually, sportsmen welcome the opportunity to convert others to their favorite sport, so you should not have any difficulty learning from the veterans.

Choosing the proper tackle is important, but it isn't as simple as it sounds. Each year cash registers the world over tally proof of the popularity of freshwater fishing. There is tackle that fits your tackle, items that no good angler "can do without," gadgets to fish for you, gizmos that will revolutionize the sport, and products that will cause the fish to jump right out of the water and into your landing net. So novice anglers ought to be wary of what and how much they buy.

Best advice is to understand the different types of tackle available. Included basically are casting rods and reels, spincasting rods and reels, spinning rods and reels, and fly rods and reels. They all come in different shapes and colors, chromed or unchromed, guaranteed or unguaranteed, Catholic or Protestant, and so on; but they all perform the same way basically. Your choice should be which type you want to fish with. Most anglers, however, recommend that for freshwater fishing the tackle be light.

Briefly, the casting reel has a spool that revolves on the cast and on the retrieve to pay out and take up line. It was developed along with the bait casting rod for, what else, casting bait.

The spinning reel has a spool that does not turn at any time. During the cast, line is pulled over the end of the spool by the weight of the lure; during the retrieve, line is re-wound by a "bail" or other pick-up device which travels around the spool. It, like all the other types of tackle, should be balanced with the proper rod. This particular equipment, since weight is not needed to turn a spool, allows usage of light lures and lines and is a favorite of freshwater anglers.

The spin-casting reel combines features of both the spinning and the casting

reel. Like the spinning reel, it has a stationary spool, but like the casting reel it is mounted on top of the rod and is controlled by a "push button". If light enough, it proves to be very effective for freshwater fishing.

Finally, the fly rod and reel, the odds-on favorite of many freshwater anglers, when balanced precisely for intended use is an outstanding piece of equipment. Unlike the other types, however, the reel does not operate during the cast. In fly fishing the line is pulled by hand, or "stripped", from the reel, and it is this loose line that is cast by the fly rod to carry the almost weightless lures (a big advantage in freshwater) used in this type of fishing. One other property that adds to the unbounded popularity of the fly rod and reel is the "feel" of the fish and the fight he gives up, all of which is transmitted to the angler via this super-sensitive tackle.

Equally as confusing to the novice freshwater fisherman is the initial choice of artificial baits and lures. Like tackle, lures, too, come in every conceivable size, shape, and color, but as one old long-time freshwater dabbler stated, "There are lures and there are lures, but just 'cuz they're pretty don't mean the fish like 'em."

Artificial baits can be sectioned off into groups: spoons, spinners, plugs, jigs, plastic lures, bugs, and flies. Most freshwater fishermen own several models of each kind of these artificials, but they quickly advise that an overpopulated tackle box is a hindrance instead of a help. The professionals suggest that regardless of how many artificial baits you own, the only ones that are really

any good are the ones that catch fish.

Briefly, again, acquaint yourself with the types and go from there. Spoons are pieces of metal shaped to wobble and flash in the water in simulation of small fish darting across the rocks and through weed beds. They are particularly effective on the larger, voracious fish, are usually equipped with a treble hook, and designed for a side-to-side motion that is most effective at a certain retrieve.

Spinners are a family of lures among the oldest known in sport fishing. Essentially, the lure contains, among other decorative attractions, a whirling blade that has proven over the years to be extremely effective. It is one of the more popular lures of freshwater anglers.

Plugs are bits of wood or plastic, shaped like a minnow, frog, mouse, leech, or even nothing real. A hot number for Largemouth bass, plugs come in surface models which crawl, wiggle, pop, gurgle, sputter, or just float; floating-diving models which surface and dive depending upon retrieve; deep-running models designed for getting down to where the big ones are; and shallow-running models for lunkers that lurk just below the surface.

Jigs, lures made of gaily colored feathers or streamers bound to a heavy lead head at the hook eye, have been found effective on nearly every type of freshwater game fish, and the evolution into soft plastic lures shaped like night-crawlers, tadpoles, earthworms, crayfish, and tiny eels caused a fishing revolution.

Then, too, there are dry flies and wet flies, dry flies very closely resembling lightweight copies of insects which have hatched from larvae and are floating on the surface of the water, and wet flies simulating the "dead drift" of a drowned insect or one moving erratically to appear like a hatched insect attempting to swim to the surface. Nymphs, representative of a larvae ready to hatch into flying insects, fit closely into the fly category. All, freshwater fishermen attest, catch fish if they are properly used.

Bass plugs and pork rind complete the managerie of devices artificially created by anglers to lure fish. Bugs are fashioned to look like big insects, frogs, mice, or some other creatures that have tumbled into the water. And pork rind, actually strips of preserved pork bottled with a preservative, often is sheer murder on freshwater species, especially when used in combination with artificial lures.

Completing the list of baits are the naturals—shiners, small minnows, live



Veteran anglers advise novices break in right by learning to grab the fish, not the line, when a landing net is not used. The rod tip keeps the action limber, but a taunt line, hand held, can give the catch that little extra to enable throwing the hook.





Opposite Page, Top—"Bass on!" is the cry as water churns at the other end of the line. Proper technique with rod high and tip action must be employed, lest the finned fighter shake the hook. Equally as important is the assist of the landing net, for many a bass has been lost at boatside. Opposite Page, Left—"One more for the stringer" results when the angler has played the fish just right—he saw him break along the shore, his casts were good, the action correct, the hook was set properly, he fought him patiently, and he landed him like a champ.

Above—At the end of the day a stringer of bass, or crappie, or bream stands as thrashing proof that there exists no greater test of man's angling talent than "freshwater fever."

worms, grass shrimp, crickets, grasshoppers, and crawfish tails. Preferred by many anglers as the "best fishing baits," the naturals have taken their share of fish from many Louisiana waterways.

However... regardless of which type of bait is used or which artificial lure is preferred, it is not the bait or the lure that will catch fish. The secret is in knowing what to do with the bait or lure. Many novice fishermen learn very quickly that in freshwater fishing one can not just toss a lure overboard and expect a fish to strike it. It is not unheard of to bounce a flashy lure off a big bass' head, have him take one look at it, and then turn around and swim away, uninterested! This is what makes fishing in freshwater a specialty.

Catching fish and not catching fish depends upon many things: casting skill, "splashdown," retrieve, proper action of the lure, tricks-of-the-trade, and a very broad working knowledge of what is emphatically referred to as fishing conditions; water temperature, time of the year, seasonal preference of fish toward bait, fishing locale, where fish feed, where fish hide, and a multitude of other criteria which determine whether or not an angler will even get a nibble, let alone a stringer full of bass or bream.

Yet, just as a swimmer has to get into the water to learn, so the fisherman has to fish freshwater to learn to fish freshwater. There have been literally thousands of books written instructing anglers on how to catch fish in freshwater, but basically they are all similar in that only can "tips" be given to novices and converts concerning the procedure of catching fish in freshwater. Any attempt to present a "sure fire way to become a crackjack freshwater angler" in this article would be nothing more than a spinning of wheels.

The very best way to learn to be an Ace angler is to watch a devoted, professional, genuine, Grade-A, freshwater fisherman at work—go fishing with him but don't fish, just watch what he does, how he handles the tackle, how he uses lures and baits effectively, which spots he fishes in—and ask lots of pertinent questions. Then, by continual practice and effort, developing your own techniques and styles, you will be riding high and bringing home prize catches with the best anglers.

Always bear in mind that no angler ever caught freshwater fish before first he caught a severe, uncontrollable, incurable case of freshwater fever!





Play Safe with **SUNBURN**

For almost two weeks Ted Cooper had been battling a stubborn chest cold that refused to go away. Aspirin and other proprietary compounds gave temporary relief, but Ted continued to feel as if he had been run over by a cement truck.

On Thursday afternoon he left work early to visit his doctor, who prescribed a powerful, broad-range antibiotic. By noon Friday Ted felt well enough to phone Charlie Johnson and tell him their weekend fishing trip could go ahead as scheduled.

"I still have the cold," Ted said, "but it seems to be leaving me. Only thing is, I'm taking antibiotics and the doctor says I can't have anything alcoholic, so I'll have to leave off the beer."

Saturday dawned bright and clear at Grand Isle. The Gulf of Mexico looked like a millpond, and the sky was free of clouds. As they loaded the tackle onto an outboard speed hull, Charlie noted the fine suntan Ted was still sporting from their previous trip.

"Yup," Ted agreed. "The sun never bothers me. I'm one of those lucky people who can stay out all day without any trouble. I always take a good tan, and I somehow manage to keep it."

Reaching into his shirt pocket, Ted extracted a small plastic bottle, pulled off the top, and popped a capsule into his mouth.

"The doc says I have to keep taking these horse pills for the next two or three days," Ted explained. "He mentioned something about 'building up a level.'"

Charlie owned a shiny new 18-foot fiber-glass boat powered by a 100 hp motor. It was equipped with all kinds of extras including a two-way radio. About the only thing it lacked was a convertible top; Charlie had ordered one from the factory and was waiting for it to be delivered.

When they were 5 miles out in the Gulf, Charlie stopped the boat and tied up to a towering oil-drilling structure. It was only 7 A.M. but the sun was already bearing down unmercifully. For the next few hours, the anglers hauled in snappers, groupers, bluefish, mackerel, and cobia until three plastic ice chests were filled to overflowing.

At 10:25 Ted put down his rod and suggested they take a breather. Even through the deep tan, his face was obviously flushed. "This sun is getting to me," Ted sighed. "I don't feel very well. I'm hot all over and think I might pass out." With this, he collapsed.

Charlie immediately suspected heat stroke and tried desperately to recall his Boy Scout first-aid training. He elevated Ted's feet on a pair of life preservers, loosened the collar of his shirt, soaked a towel in ice water, and placed it across the unconscious man's livid brow.

As Charlie slipped the mooring line and fired up the engine, Ted began vomiting. His breath came in gasps and his body was wracked with tremors. Charlie switched on the radio and raised the Coast Guard lifeboat station on Grand Isle. He described the situation and asked for a

medical corpsman to meet him at the Bayou Rigaud dock. Back at the island, the medic made a quick diagnosis and recommended that Ted be rushed to the hospital.

"Every minute counts," he said gravely. "This could be heat stroke, but I think it's something else."

Under ordinary circumstances, the Coast Guard would have summoned one of its helicopters from New Orleans. However, an oil-company chopper was refueling at Grand Isle, and arrangements were made for it to fly Ted to the hospital. The medic agreed to go along. A few minutes after they were airborne, Ted regained consciousness long enough to be questioned. He told the medic about his cold and mentioned the antibiotics. The medic closed his eyes, shook his head, and commented: "I hope we get there in time."

Ted remained on the critical list for several days. He was given constant fluid transfusions and expelled blood in his urine, an indication of kidney damage. A week elapsed before he could force open his eyes enough to recognize his wife and children. As soon as he could comprehend their explanation, the staff doctors told him what had happened.

"You are a victim of what is technically called photosynthesis," a doctor pointed out. "This is a bizarre reaction which often occurs to people who expose themselves to the sun after taking certain types of drugs."

Ted tried to explain that the sun never bothered him, but the doctor ignored this

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL KALMAN

Outdoor writer Harvey E. Kieffer of Lake Charles, pictured at Toledo Bend, could pass for a Mardi Gras participant, but he wears the chamois face mask for more compelling reasons. Born with exceedingly fair skin, Kieffer is under doctor's orders to protect himself from the ravages of the sun under pain of suffering skin cancer. On bright summer days, his special "costume" includes gloves from which the fingers are cut off so he can handle his casting rod.

comment.

"It makes no difference," the doctor continued. "With a significant number of commonly used drugs, even mild exposure can cause serious trouble. Antibiotics are among the worst offenders. So are tranquilizers, sulfa drugs, antihistamines, and some of the compounds used to treat diabetes, edema, and high blood pressure.

"If any of these is present in the system and the person goes into bright sunshine, the power of the drugs can be multiplied several times. Hives, bumps, and similar abnormalities develop not only on the exposed areas but all over the body, including the eyes. Kidney and liver damage is quite common."

This true experience (only the names are changed) was related to the author by a leading dermatologist who claims it is but one of the horrors awaiting the outdoorsman who gets careless with the sun. Dr. James W. Burks, professor of dermatology at Tulane University School of Medicine, says sportsmen as a group are inclined to look on the sun as a good friend when it's actually a deadly enemy.

The fact that he fears the sun doesn't mean that Dr. Burks spends his life indoors. On the contrary, from June until November not even the sun can keep him away from South Pass at the mouth of the Mississippi River where he goes every weekend in search of the mighty blue marlin. In this briny environment he is constantly exposed to solar radiation and has a beautiful tan to show for it. He is most careful, however, to avoid overexposure and exercises precautions to guard against it.

In contrast to his fellow members of the New Orleans Big Game Fishing Club who prefer the cool comfort of hacked-off denim shorts and T-shirts, Dr. Burks wears full-length khaki slacks, a long-sleeved jacket, and some type of headgear. On extremely bright days or when his boat *Holliday* is throttled down to trolling speed he wears a broad-brimmed plant-er-style hat, switching to a long-billed Nova Scotia sword-fishing cap when the sky is cloudy or the boat is running wide open.

Dr. Burks claims that suntan has become an international status symbol with sportsmen: "Not too many years ago a tan was the surest sign of a man who worked in the sun—farmers, day laborers, or ditchdiggers. Nowadays, it's another way of saying you've got the time, money, and position to go fishing, hunting, boating, or engage in some other kind of leisure activity."

Dr. Burks places swimmers and sunbathers in an entirely separate category from outdoorsmen, who by the very

nature of their pursuits spend longer hours under the sun.

"An occasional dose of sunburn isn't particularly dangerous," Dr. Burks explains, "but there is clear evidence that repeated exposure can be a major factor in producing precancerous and cancerous skin conditions. This alone should be considered just as carefully by the ardent outdoor sportsman as it is by men who work outdoors, where chronic solar exposure is a notorious occupational hazard."

Some knowledge of the skin's physiology is necessary to understand what happens when the sun goes to work on it. The human body is covered by a microscopically thin covering of epidermis, measuring a scant 1/250 inch and containing five distinct layers. The innermost layer contains basal cells, which produce granules of brownish pigment called melanin. The degree of tan you can acquire is determined by the quantity of melanin your basal cells are capable of putting out. Persons with less melanin run the risk of harmful overexposure.

The melanin-producing action is triggered by short-wave ultraviolet rays that reach down through the outer layers of skin until they touch the so-called melanocytes in the basal cells, causing them to excrete melanin. Only about 20 percent of the ultraviolet rays—the very shortest ones—are capable of doing this. Longer-wave ultraviolet rays (about 10 percent) simultaneously strike the existing pigments in the upper layers of epidermis, turning them a darker shade of brown and starting the immediate tanning action. It is the deeper-working short-wave ultraviolet rays that generate better, long-lasting tans. However, their results are not visible until about two days following exposure.

Of the different types of rays emitted by the sun, the most dangerous are the short-rays, including gamma rays, X-rays, cosmic rays, and the aforementioned ultraviolet rays. Fortunately, most of these

are filtered out by the atmosphere, with only a portion of the ultraviolet rays touching the earth's surface. The smoke and smog found near heavily populated cities are particularly effective screens against ultraviolet, but the rays will penetrate clouds. This explains why some people end up suffering from severe sunburn on hazy or cloudy days.

The amount of sun you can safely tolerate is governed to a large degree by the amount of melanin already in your skin. Fair-skinned persons develop less of this protective pigment and are more likely to burn.

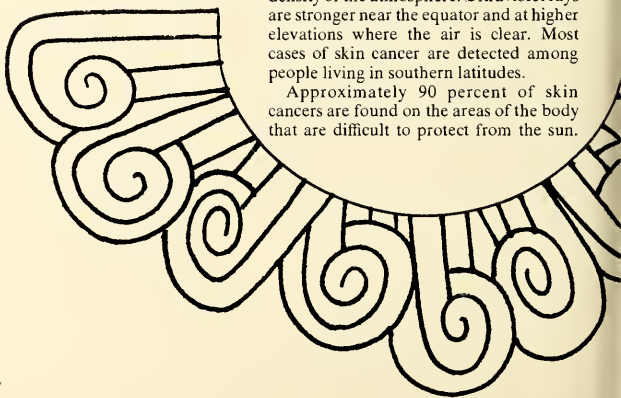
Common sunburn is simply a swelling of blood vessels, accompanied by inflammation and redness. With more severe burns, the ultraviolet rays actually break the tissues, releasing fluids that form blisters, which eventually burst and peel. The cells thus damaged or deadened are replaced by new cells working up from the inner layers to harden and thicken the outside layer of epidermis. Additional hardening and thickening follow repeated overexposure, accounting for the rough, leathery look seen so often on farmers, commercial fishermen, seamen, and others who are constantly out-of-doors. Conversely, these same individuals are the likeliest victims for skin cancer.

"Degenerative changes brought on by excessive exposure to sunlight can never be reversed," warns Dr. Burks. "Under the best of circumstances, a person who allows himself to become sunburned repeatedly can expect to reach middle age looking twenty years older than normal. Otherwise, he might not be so lucky and end up with skin cancer."

Cancers, warts, and tumors are exaggerated thickenings of horny epidermis, produced by the body as a reaction to repeated doses of ultraviolet rays.

The amount of ultraviolet present in any one place varies with the number of hours of sunlight available, and with the density of the atmosphere. Ultraviolet rays are stronger near the equator and at higher elevations where the air is clear. Most cases of skin cancer are detected among people living in southern latitudes.

Approximately 90 percent of skin cancers are found on the areas of the body that are difficult to protect from the sun.



Dr. Burks says these same areas—nose, forehead, lips, ears, neck, and backs of the hands—have very little meaty flesh beneath the epidermis and cannot tolerate sunburn as well as can other parts of the body.

Many patients visiting Dr. Burks for treatment of skin cancer have difficulty recalling the last time they suffered from sunburn.

"This underlines the insidious nature of the injury," Dr. Burks explains. "The average cancer has its beginning anywhere from ten to twenty-five years prior to the time the patient comes in for treatment. In other words, a person can be a sun worshiper in his youth, stay completely out of the sun during his 20's and 30's, and have the experience return to haunt him in middle age.

"Another thing few people realize is that after a single, moderately bad sunburn, the blood vessels can be affected for four to fifteen months. This is certainly a terrible price to pay for a few brief moments of carelessness."

Dr. Burks is particularly emphatic in his warning to fishermen.

"By its very nature," he points out, "fishing requires you to be on or near the water where up to 100 percent of the sun's burning rays are reflected against your skin. Every ripple and wavelet serves as a reflecting device, bouncing the ultraviolet rays in all directions—like a diamond with millions of facets.

"The same thing happens if you go hunting when the ground is covered with snow. Snow can reflect as much as 85 percent of the sun's harmful rays."

Medical science recognizes two major methods of sunburn protection, described technically as "physical and chemical agents." Physical agents, also called "parasols," include any type of clothing, hats, caps, canvas boat tops, face masks, talcum powder, petrolatum, zinc oxide, etc., that effectively blocks out the harmful rays. Chemical agents are those applied

to the skin to absorb the rays.

Like the body's inherent protective properties, these artificial preventatives work better on some persons than on others, and none of them offers 100 percent protection. The efficacy of even the best chemical sun screens can be measured only in terms of the user's diligence in applying them. All creams, oils, and lotions must be used with strict attention to the directions and reapplied whenever they are diluted with sweat or washed off by immersion.

Professional fishing guides stand at the head of the list for respecting the sun and its many dangers, for they see thousands of serious sunburn cases. Most attempt to caution their customers about wearing proper clothes or using some kind of chemical sun screen, but their advice is often ignored.



On the other hand, few guides dare go fishing without hats, preferably big, floppy fedoras with brims wide enough to shade the ears and neck as well as the face. Another popular guide's hat, developed in south Florida, features a long bill and convertible brim that can be folded up or down, depending on conditions and the preference of the wearer. Some bonefish guides who spend hours poling the sun-baked flats of Florida Bay have discovered that cotton surgical masks effectively protect their lips from sunburn. A majority of guides along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts wear long-sleeve shirts and full-length pants, even on the hottest days. Those who remove their shirts do so only for limited periods, realizing that a bad sunburn can sideline them for days with no income.

Tackle shops and boating-supply stores carry a wide variety of effective sun-protection devices. Folding canvas boat tops are particularly effective. So are large umbrellas like those carried by golfers. Along the Gulf coast, commercial shrimp

fishermen keep the sun from spoiling their catch by stretching a simple cloth canopy between the deckhouse and the mast. A similar arrangement can be set up on smaller boats by using a pair of paddles or oars for the uprights.

Dr. Burks warns sportsmen to be extra careful with the noonday sun: "When the sun is high overhead, its rays are short, direct, and burning. This applies to hazy days as well as bright ones. Even when the sky is overcast, the sun can burn cruelly."

Dr. Burks says elderly sportsmen with heart trouble or any serious disease should always consult their doctors about exposure to sunshine. Getting overheated is dangerous since it may put a strain on the internal organs.

The doctor hesitates to recommend any specific suntan preparation, saying: "The best protection is to stay out of the sun entirely. Since this is impossible for fishermen, hunters, and yachtsmen, the most logical thing is to protect yourself as best you can.

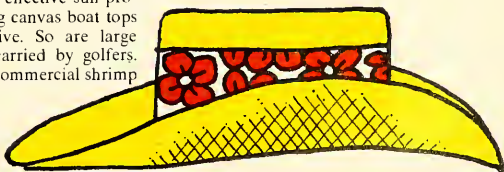
"Many suntan preparations are sold under trade names. All but a few are intended to promote tanning and discourage burning. Others are parasols that screen the sun out entirely."

Assuming that you've ignored these instructions and got yourself sunburned, the following are recommended: 1) call a doctor if the burn is severe; 2) if the burn is simple, apply compresses of cold milk or water to help dissipate the heat (cool diluted vinegar is also good for a compress); 3) if you're burned all over the body, fill the bathtub with cool water, add ¼ cup of cooking soda and one cup of cornstarch; 4) take two aspirin every three to four hours.

Chills, fever, or delirium always need the attention of a doctor. So do blisters because of the danger of infection.

If you must get a tan to prove your status as an outdoorsman, do it gradually. Under optimum conditions, nineteen days are required to get the perfect kind of tan you see in magazine ads.

Finally, as you accept the compliments of envious friends, take a few moments to ask yourself: "Was it really worth all the trouble?"







THE LAFITTE SKIFF....BORN OF THE BAYOU

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB DENNIE

ALTHOUGH IT IS OFTEN SAID that the pirogue is the prime mover in the state's marshes for trappers and is as necessary in duck hunting as shotgun and shells, it is not truly original in design but merely a more sophisticated version of an old Indian dugout. This is not true of the Lafitte skiff which was designed for shrimping in Louisiana's shallow, inside estuarine waters.

There are thousands of the sleek, fast, shallow draft boats in use, primarily during the inside shrimping season. The name probably stems from the fact that the first such craft was born in a tiny village less than 30 miles from bustling New Orleans. The town itself was named after the famous-infamous pirate-patriot Jean Lafitte who once frequented the area during his trips to New Orleans with smuggling booty to be sold in dimly lit shops and stores in that city's famous French Quarter.

The building of Lafitte skiffs has spread to other shrimping centers in coastal Louisiana, but the boat will always be identified by the name of the bayou village where it was born.

Capable of high speeds, Lafitte skiffs can be navigated in the most shallow inland lakes, dragging their trawls for Louisiana shrimp so highly prized around the country and other parts of the world. Depending upon their size the skiffs can be quite at home in the open waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

Bill Dufrene, a boatbuilder since age 14, claims to have built the first Lafitte skiff, and at sixty-four he is still strong at his trade, fashioning boats that are as typical of southern Louisiana as red beans and rice, creole gumbo and cafe-au-lait.

Lafitte skiffs are now traditional with Louisiana's inland coastal shrimpers and crabbers. In months prior to the opening of the spring season for trawling in inside waters, boat builders from Lafitte to Golden Meadow are hard at their task of building more Lafitte skiffs to meet the demand. It has become a favorite of those who make their living from the sea, and others who have discovered the versatile boat suitable for sport fishing, fast transportation in shallow water and all around dependability.

Modern standards may find this craft wanting for the sleek beauty that beckons the average weekend sailor. Here is the classic example of "what you see is what you get."

Opposite Page, Top—Gaily decorated Lafitte skiffs form a procession as they prepare to receive the annual blessing of the fleet. Below—A Lafitte skiff, freshly painted and ready to claim her place in the "Cajun Navy".

Above Left—A great deal of the time spent building a skiff from cypress lumber is used in steaming and bending it to form the large sweeping lines necessary to cut through the water effectively. Above Right—"Bill" Dufrene, Lafitte, associated with boat building since he was fourteen, is credited with present day design of the Lafitte skiff.





Many years ago the Lafitte skiff was a flat-bottom boat that was very fast but rather unstable and subject to a great deal of pounding in rough water. These problems nurtured the advent of the "V" bottom combined with a large bow that can cut through the rough seas and eliminate taking on too much water. Capable of operating at a swift pace and in rough weather is very important to commercial shrimpers and crabbers as their products are highly perishable and must be moved into proper storage, or to the consumer, as soon as possible.

The large bow also serves another purpose in that it forms a rather large deck which serves as an excellent working and storage area for equipment. Shrimpers often construct a sorting bin on the bow where they cull the shrimp for the various debris and trash fish that are picked up in the trawl. This sorting is often done as they head into port.

Constructed of wood, the craft forgoes the luxury of lightness for sturdiness and dependability. It must be strong and able to withstand the punishment that hard daily use presents. Underwater obstructions are a common occurrence in shallow water and the hull of the Lafitte skiff has been designed to withstand sharp blows from submerged snags or sunken debris.

Cypress lumber was the mainstay of construction for many years, but its scarcity has caused boat builders to seek other material to take its place. Dufrene feels that the quality of cypress available today will not meet his standards always and now uses a great deal of marine plywood wherever possible.

Dufrene's boat shop, located along the bayou in Lafitte, is always a busy place but never hurried. Experienced hands labor with wood, executing secrets of construction learned only through years of trial and error. Here, the average size skiffs, which are 22-32 feet, are completely finished in about a month. Smaller ones can often be finished in two weeks, especially if their source of power will be from an outboard motor. Large automobile engines are used to power the larger crafts.

Left—Spanish cedar lumber does not have to be steamed as does cypress which can save a great deal of time. "Nollie" Naquin, Bayou Gauche, has switched from cypress to Spanish cedar as have quite a few of the boat builders.

Above—Painting is a very important part of the Lafitte skiff. The owners are proud of their boat as this will reflect itself in the care they show it.



After the skiff is painted and ready to have the engine mounted it is then sunk for at least four days. This will cause the lumber to swell and eliminate any possible leaks.



A great deal of the time consumed in building a boat from cypress comes from steaming and bending the lumber to form the forward sweeping lines that are necessary to cut through the water effectively.

Nollie Naquin, who plays his ancient trade on Bayou Gauche near Paradis, has gotten away from using cypress due to cost, availability and inconsistent quality. He now uses, as do many boat builders in this area and over to Golden Meadow, Spanish cedar. The change over to this import came about three years ago when quality cypress became really scarce and expensive, yet the demand and need for the boats continued to rise.

Nollie has nothing but praise for the cedar. Its two main qualities are that due to the nature of the wood it possesses a deterrent to worms and other insects that can destroy wood so easy, and it can be bent without steaming. He can have a large boat ready for painting and engine mounting in about fifteen days, working alone.

After the boat is primed and painted it will undergo a treatment that may surprise those who are unfamiliar with building a wooden boat, as it did me. It is sunk and left submerged for a minimum of four days. This process causes the wood to swell and close any separation between the plankings, eliminating leaks.

Once the boat builder is satisfied that the craft is free from leaks, it is pumped out and floated, then it is ready for the final touches. Properly primed with a good undercoating of paint, it is then ready for final painting. Special care is taken in the selection of colors, which are usually very bright and cheery, as the owner of a new Lafitte skiff is a very proud person and wants his boat to reflect his pride.

After the engine is installed and all the minor last minute details are taken care of, the boat is ready to return to the water and join the proud ranks of the Cajun navy that ply the water of south Louisiana.

Spring brings on a great deal of work for those who already own a Lafitte skiff. Boats must be pulled from the water and given an annual "once over" to make sure everything is ready for the opening of the spring season. Fresh paint must often be applied to the entire boat or if they are fortunate enough maybe just a few spots will just need to be "touched up" here and there.



But all of this work is not too hard to take. There is often a festive atmosphere that prevails when men gather to make their boats ready for a new season.

Life on the bayou revolves around man and his union with the sea. It is his whole life, just as the farmer is tied to the land, the man who searches the rich waters of Louisiana for shrimp and crabs is ever dependent on the generosity of the water.

All people who are so dependent upon the forces and bounty of nature have always been deeply religious, for their existence will always be precarious. They must have a strong faith for theirs is an uncertain life.

Every year just before the start of the spring shrimping season in fishing villages across South Louisiana from Morgan City to Delacroix Island and Lafitte there will be a gathering of these boats that they may be blessed.

Festively-decorated boats from 16 to 60 feet form a procession and pass in review. Often similar to a water-borne Mardi Gras parade they may even have a king and a queen. There will sometimes be a prize for the "best decorated" boat. Spirits are always high at these gatherings. Everyone is happy. It is a new season; it will be good. There will be moments of silence and possibly a floral wreath cast adrift in solemn remembrance of those who have passed away.

Always the talk is of a good season, better and more prosperous than last year. Slowly the boats file by and are blessed by the priest, blessed that they will have a safe and bountiful year.

The bleak bitterness of winter is now forgotten. . . . It will be a good year.

Top Left—Sorting bins are constructed on the large bow of the skiff so that the shrimper can cull the trash fish and debris from his shrimp as he returns to port. Center Left—The priest prepares to bless a small shrimp boat. This is done just prior to the opening of the spring season every year. Bottom Left—A floral wreath is cast adrift in remembrance of those who have died at sea.

Above—Spring in south Louisiana means clean up time as skiffs are pulled from the water and given a "once over" plus a new coat of paint.

What rice and gravy does for South Louisiana, crawfishin' does for the Louisiana family out for a day in the sun! Recreational crawfishin' with baited nets is a familiar sign of springtime in the state, for no other form of outdoor sport offers so much to the family unit as crawfishin'.

Because the tiny little crustaceans are found abundantly in such places as roadside ditches, isolated ponds, flooded brakes, and swampy areas adjacent to highways, the Louisiana sportsman has forsaken the "work and toil" aspect of the sport when he crawfishes alone and has turned the harvest into an outing in which his entire family—wife, children, parents, grandparents—can participate with enthusiasm.

At the first signs of spring, Dad and Mom and the kids and Grandpa and Grandma all contract a Louisiana brand of spring fever. Induced by weather reports, sunny days, comments in outdoor columns, notices in seafood restaurants, and other manifestations that shout out, "Crawfish are in season!" the fever, gone untreated, invariably terminates on the next sunny Sunday when the entire family, in picnic fashion, gathers leisurely at the edge of a nearby swamp.

If you are a true native of the state you recognize the value of crawfish as "mighty good eatin'." And if you aren't a native, one taste of the crawfish flavor aligns you in the same mode of thought. Therefore, no one relishing Southern cuisine can find fault with the commercial crawfish farmer, for after all he is the one who, when all else fails, supplies your favorite seafood restaurant with a ready supply of take-home-and-eat crawfish. His traps and farms yield a retail value wherein the real joy lies in the eating.

But a family out crawfishin' offers a lot more than just a feast, although when it comes to crawfish, that counts. The do-it-yourself practice is an activity, an outing, an experience for the children, a day in the sunshine; it is a picnic in April and May where cold drinks and sandwiches and cookies are embroidery on mesh nets. And best of all, crawfishin' is one of the most inexpensive family activities that still exists in a modern high-priced world.

Take a dozen Creole nets (woven cord mesh suspended by inverted wire "V's") that can be purchased for under \$5 nearly anywhere, a small package of bait (beef melts are preferred) that sells for about a dollar, an old washtub or something to put your catch in, and a branch cut from a tree and you have everything you need to take your family crawfishin'. If you feel creative, you can make your own nets out of coat hangers and wire mesh; and if you want to add the "picnic" touch, ice

STORY BY FRANK J. DAVIS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LLOYD POISSNET

A short walk to the edge of a swamp—a branch of a tree, a large washtub, and a dozen Creole nets—and a Poppa, a Momma, and two effervescent kids—combine it all with a sunny spring day and it comes out meaning...

april picnic - louisiana style?



The "pussyfoot and rush-act" technique is used when the nets are checked for crawfish: "pussyfoot" up to the nets so as not to scare off the catch, then "rush-act" them out of the water to avoid any of the little crustaceans from making an escape.

down some drinks and make a batch of sandwiches to take along. Any way you look at it, if you can muster this together your family can spend a day outdoors crawfishin', and if you have any luck at all you will end up with a fine gourmet meal.

Whether you call them crawfish, crayfish, crawdads, mudbugs, Louisiana's little lobsters, or a host of other names, the little crustaceans, believe it or not, are not the exclusive property of Louisiana. There are crawfish found in fresh waters on all continents except Africa. There are more than 300 species worldwide, over 100 species in the United States, and 29 known species in Louisiana alone. However, basing the statement on a recent poll, only in Louisiana are crawfish eaten with such delight. Many of the Southern states queried responded that although crawdads were available in their territories and used for fish bait, no attempt to utilize the crustacean as edible commodity in states other than Louisiana has evolved. Hearing of this, one native crawfisherman commented, "Somebody really ought to tell them about crawfish boils, and crawfish bisque, and crawfish stew, and crawfish pie, and crawfish etouffe, and crawfish..."

Being able to bring home a washtub full of mudbugs requires knowing something about them, generally. Of the species living in the state, some burrow during the reproductive cycle, some burrow to avoid drought, and some do not burrow at all, but occupy puddles, ditches, and ponds year round. The number of young produced annually ranges from about 15 to more than 700 per female, and the eggs are hatched in September or October following a May or early June breeding season.

Studies have shown that crawfish will eat dead and living plants and animals, but they prefer fresh meat that is not in any advanced stage of decay. About 20 percent of their diet consists of worms, larvae, and other relatively immobile animal material (since they are not active predators) and the remainder consists of vegetation.

Early in the season (October and November) they are found in great numbers around the edges of swamps or puddles or ponds or ditches in dense grass and weeds. They are fairly active in temperature in the 50-60 degree range, but prefer temperatures between 70-85 degrees when they feed best. When water temperature is favorable and food is available, young crawfish may attain table size in 60 to 90 days after hatching. It also has been determined that the area of greatest crawfishin' activity includes that portion of the state south of a line running from Lake Charles to Alexandria, east to



Marksville, then south to Baton Rouge and Lake Pontchartrain.

Keeping all this in mind, families out after mudbugs should choose a day in spring, a pond or swamp where crawfish foods might be plentiful, and a time when the temperature is warm and the skies are sunny. Then bait a dozen or so nets with fresh melts, set them out in the swamp about ten feet apart, check them every ten minutes or so, emptying your catch on each "run," and go home at the end of the day with a tub full.

Whenever a family goes mudbugging, there is something for everyone to do, no matter how slight. Dad, for instance, is the leader of the pack. He plans the trip on his day off, talks Mom into it after convincing her that snakes just don't come anywhere near married women, excites the kids into fishing the drainage ditches for crawfish for the whole week before the family trip, and helps Grandpa decide whether or not he will take along his chaise lounge or just a regular chair.

Mom serves as middleman, so to speak, who handles final arrangements for the trip. She dismisses the thought of a snake problem because of what her husband told her, and he wouldn't lie to her; she shops for snakes, 'er, sandwiches and drinks and cookies and buys icky stuff called melts for the first time in her life; she tries her best to calm the enthusiastic kids and enthusiastic Grandpa down; she buys seafood seasonings in premature hopes and gets the nets and washtub ready; and she will, at the very last moment, forget to bring her sunglasses along.

The children do their share, too. For

example, they boast to the other kids in the neighborhood about going crawfishing and get into debates about my-crawfish-is-gonna-be-bigger-than-your-crawfish; they wake Dad and Mom up four hours before daybreak the morning of the trip "just to get ready;" they pack up the toys that they will forget at the crawfish spot; they help Dad, who asked Mom to remind him to bring a branch with which to pick up the nets, by bringing home 76 branches during the week; and they, before leaving the morning of the trip, speed things up by going back into the house for candy, then for water, then to go to the bathroom.

As far as Grandpa is concerned, he does very little. He puts his chaise lounge in the trunk of the car, climbs in the back seat, and sits there, yelling "C'mon, y'all. We gonna be late and miss all the crawfish!"

With the car loaded with nets, bait, tubs, food, drinks, sticks, a wife, two kids, and a Grandpa, Dad squeezes behind the wheel and the family is off for a day of crawfishing. Several hours of driving usually fails to produce a good spot like the outdoor column directions showed in yesterday's newspaper, so Dad continues to drive, explaining the while to Mom and the kids and Grandpa and doing a lot of incoherent mumbling.

Finally, the family car pulls off the side of the highway to an area splotted with other family cars, and the family crawfishermen pile out, happily. Dad, who forgot his hip boots, walks around in the swamp in his tennis shoes, stirring up the mud to induce the crawfish to feed while Mom and the kids set up the picnic lunch.

Moments later the entire family pitches in to help Dad bait the nets with melts, the entire family except Mom and the kids and Grandpa, that is. Finally, Dad positions all the baited nets ten feet apart in the swampy spot and returns to his family.

Below—A small tub dragged behind whomever checks the nets is easier to handle than the large washtub when crawfish are being harvested.



Above—Mom likes to contribute to the haul, too, provided she can do so and still keep her tootsies dry. However . . . avid excitement over a full net of crawdads usually causes Mom to make a gala entrance into the swamp.



Immediately, it is question time. Over a sandwich and a cold soft drink. Dad, like King of the Crawfish, explains why mudbugs are good to eat, how they get caught in the nets, why they swim backwards instead of forward, how hard they pinch your fingers, and what baby crawfish do for fun. He even answers some questions the kids and Grandpa ask, too.

The first "run" on the nets starts and Mom and the kids and Gramps watch from the bank as Dad, pulling a small tub behind him on a string, walks through the muddy water to check the nets. The first net, then the second, then the third, and so on are full of crawfish on each pick-up, and Dad quickly dumps the little crustaceans into the tub and re-sets the nets. Mom is tickled about the catch; the kids are fascinated at the size of the crawfish; and Grandpa comments repeatedly that he's getting hungry for etouffée.

The excitement mounts as after each run the washtub on the bank gets more and more crowded with Louisiana's little lobsters. Soon Mom forgets, in her excitement, about keeping her feet dry and joins Dad knee-high in swamp water, retrieving crawfish nets with the carefree attitude of a school girl.

When the children express a desire to help with the pick-up, Dad, wanting them to participate also, moves two nets closer to the bank where the children can lift them from the water without getting wet. They amuse themselves for several moments, hoisting the nets out of the water and finding a few crawfish Dad drops secretly on the bait. Grandpa, at this point, volunteers to look after the children while Dad runs the nets again, and a few seconds later with Grandpa looking after them the children become excited over rushing to get their nets out of the water and both of them topple over into the swamp.

It is a funny thing about family crawfishing: children slipping into swamp water, Mom stepping into a mudhole, Junior being pinched by a crawfish and Mom kissing his bo-bo, Sis feeding vanilla wafers to swimming frogs, Grandpa relaxing in his chaise lounge, and a whole muddy family pausing on a bank picnicking on sandwiches and drinks is classified in Louisiana as "wholesome." It is that type of activity that families still hold on to, and hold to dearly. It is fun, Louisianians defensively say, good, clean, family fun that means something to those who experience it.

All this is evident in the ride home after a day afield. Every member of the family relates to every other member in experiencing something together. Because Louisiana families don't get together, they do things together.

Right—After each run, Dad pauses to show the youngsters, who respond with oohs and aaahs, what he just caught. Then, while waiting to make the next run, Dad and Mom and the kids might nibble away at a sandwich as Dad answers all sorts of kiddie questions, even from Mom! Below—Mudbugs, usually with a bit of assistance, are transferred from the catch tub into the large washtub to make ready for the next run. Restlessness of the younger set almost always changes into undivided attention—focused at the bottom of the washtub—once the first crawfish is caught.



Below, Left—Undivided attention, illustrated! To a little boy with a muddy seat of the pants nothing is more fascinating than a tubfull of crawfish he wants to play in but doesn't dare. Below—East is east and west is west and never the two will get a chance to pinch Junior's fingers—at least, not if he can help it, they won't! Yet, this is an integral scene at any family crawfishing outing.



Strictly By The Numbers!

It was in June of 1971 when the biggest salt water game fish to come out of the Gulf of Mexico forged its way to the top of the "Top Ten" on the Louisiana Record Fish table. While using mullet for bait, Jack A. Brown of Miami, Florida, fishing 30 miles southeast of South Pass, hooked into and landed the state record Bluefin Tuna that tipped the scales at 859 pounds, the biggest fish on the state charts.

These pages contain the Louisiana Record Fish. Referred to by anglers around the state as the "Top Ten," the list, kept officially for the Louisiana Outdoor Writers' Association by Dan Hardesty, Sports Editor of the Baton Rouge State-Times, is revised as of January 16, 1972.

While it is possible that some individual anglers may have caught fish larger than those appearing in the eligible fish categories on these pages, they do not become official unless an LOWA affidavit is completed and mailed to Hardesty, c/o the Baton Rouge State-Times, Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Forms for record may be obtained by writing the Louisiana Wild Life and Fisheries Commission, Information Section, 400 Royal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, 70130.

Scan the categories listed below and study the competition. Then maybe, the very next bite you get could put "you" in position in your favorite category!

FRESH WATER

BASS, LARGE MOUTH:

- 11-11, Elwin Husser, Nov. 1958
- 11-9, Jake J. Crater, May 27, 1971
- 11-6, Zeke Davis, March 1962
- 11-0, Robert Berry, March 1969
- 10-6, Rufus Williams, Aug. 1956
- 10-6, Butch Covington, Jan. 1971
- 10-4, Nat Smith, 1958
- 10-2, Ludren Reed, Nov. 1970
- 10-1, J. E. Stewart, 1957
- 10-1, Clarence Harrison, May 1970

BASS, WHITE:

- 3-14, Sam Parrish, Feb. 1969

BASS, LARGE MOUTH:

(Caught on fly rod)

- 8-8, Nesbitt W. Hagood III, April 1971

WARMOUTH: (Goggle-eye)

- 1-6, Glenn R. Battle, June 1971
- 1-3, Dr. James W. Lorio, Aug. 1971
- 1-2, Woodrow T. Roberts, Jr., July 1971
- 0-12, Henry H. Harris, April 1971

BASS, SPOTTED: (Kentucky)

- 4-3, Carroll Perkins
- 3-0, Gladney Davidson, May 1969
- 2-15, Dr. Lyle St. Amant, Aug. 1965
- 2-12, Richard Efferson, Sept. 1968
- 2-8, Lynn Knippers, May 1966
- 2-6, J. D. Harlan, Sr., Dec. 1971
- 2-5, Gladney Davidson, Sept. 1969
- 2-4, Max Summers, June 1965
- 2-4, W. J. Wise, Jr., July 1971
- 2-4, Wayne Fazekas, July 1971

CRAPPIE (Sac-A-Lait)

- 6-0, Lettie Robertson, Nov. 1969
- 4-4, Welzie Garrett, April 1950
- 4-0, Ronald P. Cobbs, June 1971
- 3-14, Pat Cullen, March 1960
- 3-13½, Nellie Keller, Feb. 1964
- 3-8, Robert L. Nelson, Feb. 1971
- 3-3, E. Lawrence Klein, April 1968
- 1-1, John Brent Roy, April 1971
- 2-11, Robert E. Fletcher, April 1971
- 2-14, Leander Frey, April 1953

BREAM:

- 2-8, Grant M. Kelly, 1959
- 2-8, J. W. Parker, Jr., June 1961
- 2-5, Lloyd G. Hoover, April 1970
- 2-4, J. W. Parker, Jr., May 1960
- 2-2, Otis Marshall, May 1966
- 2-1, Dee Murphy, April 1957
- 1-14, Fernin Grigsby, 1947
- 1-14, E. T. George, May 1967
- 1-12, James A. Hawkins, May 1970
- 1-11, Fred W. Elliott, April 1962

CATFISH:

- 62-0, James W. Hibben, March 1970
- 52-3, Darrell J. Farris, Jan. 1970
- 52-0, James W. Hibben, Jan. 1970
- 46-0, E. F. Witteborg, June 1966
- 25-9, James D. McGovern, Jr., Jan. 1969

SALT WATER

AMBERJACK:

- 86-4, Frank Ecker, July 1969
- 83-9, George Tucker, July 1959
- 75-12, F. C. Buchanan, June 1965
- 71-0, William C. Lyon, Aug. 1971
- 68-4, Raymond Miramon, July 1969
- 68-0, T. J. Young, July 1971
- 67-0, Leo Foretich, July 1970
- 64-4, Mrs. Harold Harleaux, July 1965
- 63-0, Don Lyman, July 1958
- 62-0, Mrs. Edwin Loe, July 1958

BARRACUDA

- 50-0, A. C. Mills, Aug. 1970
- 44-8, J. E. Turner, Jr., Sept. 1968
- 40-0, J. J. Jones, Sept. 1966
- 39-0, Arthur Hosli, Oct. 1971
- 38-4, Nolan McCrain, July 1967
- 37-8, Richard Glynn, July 1965
- 36-12, C. F. Carter Jr., July 1959
- 36-8, Frank Heard, July 1958
- 35-0, Myrton Landry, May 1967

BLUEFISH:

- 16-4, Joseph Steverson, March 1971
- 12-8, James F. Collins, Sept. 1970
- 12-0, Alwyn John Justrabo, Jr., Sept. 1968

11-6, Virgil McKain, Aug. 1970
11-3, Loran D. Ewin, Sept. 1968
10-6, Ken Rushing, July 1968
10-4, William Cochran, Aug. 1969
10-3, David Bergeron, Oct. 1971
10-2, Duffy Borden, Nov. 1967
9-12, Ken Rushing, July 1968

BONITO:

24-12, Joseph W. Gex, June 1970
24-9, Stirling Couch, July 1949
23-0, Charles Andres III, July 1949
20-0, Mrs. Lester Plaisance, July 1959
17-8, Leonard Bertucci, Aug. 1971
16-4, G. R. Murphy Jr., Aug. 1969

COBIA:

82-12, Alphonse S. Hebert, Sr., Nov. 1967
82-8, Harry Morris, May 1966
78-0, Elmer Walker, Jr., May 1971
76-0, Ken Graef, June 1971
75-0, James G. McMurry, May 1967
75-0, Harry H. Anderson, June 1969
73-0, Jack Dart, May 1954
71-0, Charles R. Ehrke, May 1971
70-0, David Couch, June 1971
68-0, Robert G. Hebert, May 1964

DOLPHIN:

59-12, Stuart W. Wilson, June 1969
56-12, Wayne Plaisance, June 1968
54-0, August Perez, Jr., July 1966
53-8, Clyde V. Hawk, June 1967
53-8, Salvatore Perino, July 1968
53-4, L. W. Bateman, June 1971
51-0, Robert Sharp, June 1965
51-0, L. J. Miller, Jr., June 1970
50-4, C. M. Falcon, May 1967
50-0, Harley B. Howcott, May 1962
50-0, Harley B. Howcott, May 1966

FLOUNDER:

12-2, Clarence Craig, Feb. 1969
11-1½, Clarence Craig, Nov. 1967
11-0, Lee W. Coulon, Nov. 1967
11-0, George E. Stevens, Nov. 1967
11-0, Henry Schomaker, Dec. 1968
10-12, Mrs. Joseph Fousse, Jr., Nov. 1970

10-0, Richard J. Boll, Jr., July 1965
9-12½, F. D. Laney Eaves, Aug. 1970
9-0, F. J. Fontenot, Dec. 1970
8-10, Paulton Hebert, Oct. 1958

JACK CREVALLE:

40-0, Edwin F. Stacy, Jr., July 1953
40-0, Fred F. Pichon, Nov. 1971
39-0, Nikola Franicevic, July 1970
36-0, Theodore O. Oster, Aug. 1969
35-10, Courtney Linn Slatten, Sept. 1967
35-8, Paul J. Sonnier, Sept. 1967
35-8, Keith D. Wehmeier, June 1971
34-4, Allen Wiseman, Aug. 1970
34-2, Wilson P. Couch, May 1969
34-0, L. E. Hawsey, July 1951
34-0, Robert Buras, July 1970

MARLIN, BLUE:

686-0, Alvin E. DuVernay, Jr., Aug. 1969
565-0, Al R. Childress, Jr., Aug. 1966
515-0, Ben F. Vaughan III, May 1964
515-0, William A. Good, June 1968
510-8, James H. Green, Aug. 1970
503-0, Clyde V. Hawk, Aug. 1967
501-12, Charles R. Dugas, July 1971
500-6, Clyde V. Hawk, July 1968
498-8, Dennis L. Good, July 1967
497-8, Duke Shackelford, June 1966

MARLIN, WHITE:

134-0, Dennis L. Good, July 1967
110-8, George M. Snelling III, May 1968
103-0, Mrs. Al R. Childress, Jr., May 1967
100-0, William L. Manning, July 1967
99-8, Harley B. Howcott, July 1967
98-0, Dr. John Chadwick, Oct. 1969
95-8, Mrs. Mary Smith, May 1964
94-8, DeWitt Rackley, Oct. 1967
93-0, Dennis L. Good, June 1968
92-0, Clyde Hawk, July 1959
92-0, Harley B. Howcott, July 1966

MACKEREL, KING:

67-12, Monte Thraikill, Dec. 1971
60-12, H. L. Kennedy, Nov. 1971

60-4, Philip R. Hedderel, April 1971
59-12, Norman J. Coste, Jr., July 1971
58-8, Ray Cox, Aug. 1968
58-0, George M. Willis, April 1971
57-12, Eddie Sapir, Dec. 1970
57-12, Charles Smith, Dec. 1971
57-8, M. R. Lay, Nov. 1970
57-8, Michael J. Kettering, March 1971

MAKO SHARK:

280-0, Leander H. Perez, Jr., Aug. 1967
259-8, J. W. Duffy, May 1970
190-0, Dr. M. E. Brierre, July 1970
179-8, Gen. Raymond Hufft, May 1966
179-8, Guy C. Billups, Jr., Aug. 1966
179-0, Guy C. Billups, Jr., May 1968
165-4, Byron J. Thiac, May 1969
161-0, Joe Mathes, May 1971
142-8, John A. Brady, Jr., Aug. 1968
136-0, John L. Moreau, May 1971

MACKEREL, SPANISH:

9-1, James P. Antill, Aug. 1971
8-4, Anthony C. D'Antonio, Nov. 1970
7-12, Addis McDonald, Sept. 1969
7-8, Richard Gray, Nov. 1968
7-1½, Druby P. Gisclair, July 1970
7-1½, Jewette Farley, Aug. 1970
6-15, Jesse P. LeBlanc, Aug. 1970
6-11½, Wilbert G. Melancon, Aug. 1970
6-11, Dr. Robert G. Yaeger, Nov. 1968
6-9, Samuel McGrew, July 1971

SHEEPSHEAD:

14-12, John N. Bourg, May 1970
14-4, Eugene Lefort, Jr., March 1971
12-2, Dudley J. Bourg, Oct. 1970
11-8, Mrs. Aubrey Bares, 1955
11-8, Steve Troesch, Dec. 1956
11-6, Eugene Lefort, Jr., May 1971
10-15, Freddie J. Bourg, Dec. 1971
10-3, Joy Aguilar, Oct. 1969
9-10, Eugene Lefort, Jr., June 1971
8-10, Mrs. B. DeJean, Sept. 1968

POMPAÑO:

8-8, Buddy Pons, Dec. 1969
6-13, Hugh R. Babylon, Dec. 1970

6-10, Clement Andollina, Dec. 1970
6-8, U. S. Allan, Jan. 1971
6-4, Felix C. Byxbe, Dec. 1970
6-4, Lamar J. Callaway, Nov. 1971
6-3, Louis U. Thornton, March 1967
5-12, Cecil Jones, Nov. 1970
5-12, Holt H. Fastring, Dec. 1970
5-9, Bill Duffy, Jan. 1964
5-9, H. H. McCain, Dec. 1953

REDFISH:

56-8, O. L. Comish, Sept. 1963
51-8, Philip A. Robinson, June 1967
45-12, Joseph Vetrano, Oct. 1957
45-8, Nick Martinovich, Aug. 1970
44-1, Joseph G. Wenzel, Jr., Nov. 1967
43-0, Sylvia Theriot, July 1959
42-10, J. Edward Slatten, Jr., May 1967
42-6, George J. Derise, Feb. 1968
42-0, John Fischtzier, July 1959
42-0, Dr. Stephen J. Hebert, Sept. 1968

SAILFISH:

96-0, John Lauricella, Oct. 1953
85-0, Arnold O. Domin, July 1965
82-8, Frank Tutzauer, June 1971
40-0, Dennis L. Good, Oct. 1967
78-8, Dr. Jerry R. Smith, June 1968
78-0, Don Locasio, July 1971
77-8, Tim Sebastian, July 1964
77-0, Mrs. Camille Cazedessus, Sept. 1955
77-0, Lee Adams, Jr., June 1969
73-4, Fred Rainwater, Aug. 1971

SNAPPER:

74-0, Jim Meriwether, Oct. 1963
35-0, Marvin E. Griffin, Aug. 1967
35-0, Bill Barnhill, Aug. 1971
32-0, Jesse B. Lane, June 1971
30-8, Richard A. Borney, Aug. 1969
29-12, Albert Pusch, Aug. 1967
28-12, Oscar H. Hutson, June 1970
28-10, Barbara Ann Lane, May 1971
28-8, Raymond J. Miramon, June 1971
27-12, Jack DeWald, Aug. 1970

SPADEFISH:

9-4, Benny Avera, Dec. 1969
8-3, Charles Sebastian, Aug. 1963
6-15, Sam Sharp, July 1966
6-10½, Robert J. Hote, Aug. 1966
6-5, Frank Ecker, May 1971
6-4, Wayne Spencer, July 1966
5-2, Lawrence Chouest, July 1961

6-0, Richard Glynn, July 1962
5-12, Mrs. Jimmy Touns, July 1968
5-10, Henry Cook, July 1959
5-10, Roger Eymard, July 1969

TARPON:

198-8, Oswald Frey, Sept. 1951
188-12, Carl Schmidt, Aug. 1971
185-0, George C. Fakier, Jr., Aug. 1970
183-0, Mark Brown, July 1953
182-0, Robert D. Liebkemann, Sept. 1971
176-0, Ted St. Pierre, Aug. 1970
170-0, Richard Napolitano, Aug. 1971
168-8, Anthony J. Guilbeau, Aug. 1971
168-0, George C. Fakier, Jr., Sept. 1969
166-0, Schuyler Thibodeaux, Aug. 1965
TRIPLETAIL:
39-8, Mrs. Jimmy Touns, July 1959
33-12, Mrs. Mary G. Blackmon, Aug. 1970
33-0, Bob Moran, June 1953
32-0, Jimmy Touns, July 1970
29-0, Mrs. Jimmy Touns, July 1969
28-8, Lawrence Federico, Jr., Aug. 1971
26-8, Mrs. Jimmy Touns, July 1970
25-4, Mrs. Clavana Cognevich, Aug. 1970
23-12, Dennis Dimak, Aug. 1964
23-8, John E. Blanchard, July 1969

TROUT, SPECKLED:

12-6, Leon Mattes, May 1950
10-12, Randolph D. Green, Aug. 1970
9-14, James L. LeMay, Sr., April 1970
9-12, John W. Burns, March 1968
9-12, Anthony J. Bianca, Aug. 1970
9-8, Richard F. Muller, Jr., June 1970
9-4, Joseph E. Frey, April 1967
9-3, Judge Charles F. Gallo, April 1968
9-2, Jack Burniston, Aug. 1956
9-0, Walter E. Tabony, Oct. 1967

TUNA, BLUEFIN:

859-0, Jack A. Brown, June 1971
580-0, Jack A. Brown, June 1971
440-0, Jim Meriwether, May 1963
120-0, Pete Menefee, July 1966

TUNA, BLACKFIN:

24-12, Mrs. Adelea L. Robichaux, Nov. 1971
22-12, Dr. J. P. Thrasher, Oct. 1971

22-0, Dr. Tom I. Greenberg, May 1971
21-8, Jesse B. Lane, May 1971
21-4, Dr. Philip A. Robichaux, Nov. 1971
20-4, Dr. Richard Landry, Oct. 1971
20-4, Richard Braud, Oct. 1971
19-9, Ralph R. Mongeau, Oct. 1971
18-8, Belman Johnson, Aug. 1971
18-1, John R. Miner, Jr., Sept. 1971

TUNA, YELLOWFIN: (Allison)

201-8, Alvin E. DuVernay, June 1971
199-8, William A. Good, July 1969
196-8, Guy C. Billups, Jr., May 1966
196-0, Clyde V. Hawk, June 1968
181-0, Richard H. Braud, June 1966
180-0, Clyde V. Hawk, June 1966
179-0, George C. Stringer, Jr., July 1970
174-0, Homer John Moore III, 1964
161-0, Harley B. Howcott, July 1965
160-0, Charles Duchein, Oct. 1960

WAHOO:

110-0, Mrs. Homer J. Moore, Jr., 1964
90-9, Clyde V. Hawk, July 1968
76-12, Ed Hamilton, July 1963
71-8, H. L. Herrin, May 1971
70-8, Alfred Hitter, Jr., June 1968
70-3, Harley B. Howcott, Jr., July 1963
70-0, Clyde Sharp, May 1970
70-0, M. L. Hibbets, July 1971
65-0, Clyde V. Hawk, Aug. 1967
64-12, W. C. Scheppegegrell, July 1963

CROAKER: (Atlantic)

5-5, Eugene Lefort, Jr., Aug. 1970
5-4, Eugene Lefort, Jr., Oct. 1970
5-2, Lloyd J. Babin, Oct. 1969
4-14, Joseph D. Touns, Jr., 1966
4-10, Eugene Lefort, Jr., Oct. 1970
4-9½, Eugene Lefort, Jr., Oct. 1970
4-9, Eugene Lefort, Jr., Oct. 1970
4-8, Eugene Lefort, Jr., Oct. 1970
4-6, Eugene Lefort, Jr., Oct. 1970
3-10, George H. Koch, June 1968

SPEARFISH:

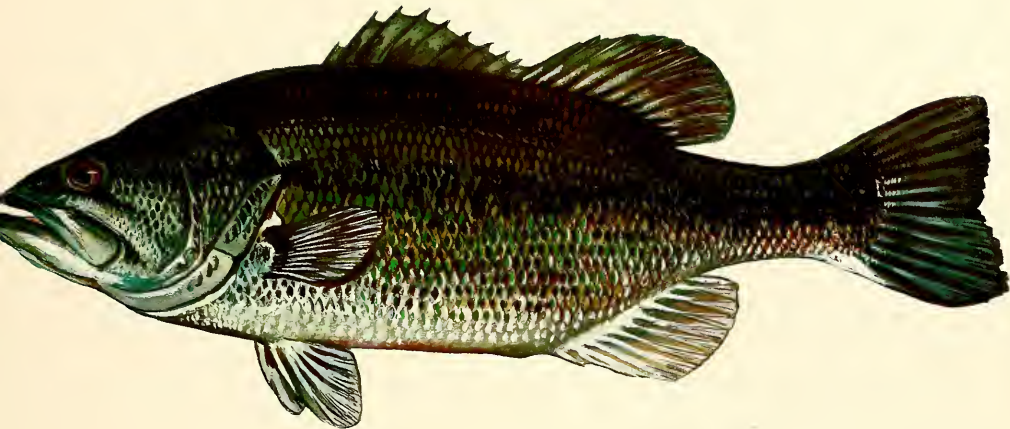
78-0, Larry Bulot, July 1964
20-4, Mrs. Guy C. Billups, Jr., 1969

BROADBILL SWORDFISH:

112-8, George M. Snellings III, July 1969

POMPANO (African)

8-4, Robert C. Brummel, July 1969



FISH OF LOUISIANA

LARGEMOUTH BASS

The largemouth bass is probably the most sought after freshwater fish in North America. Thousands of dedicated anglers spend a great deal of time and effort trying to outsmart this pugnacious game fish. In certain areas of Louisiana he is referred to as "green trout" but to most true bass fishermen he is the black or largemouth bass.

Coloration of the largemouth is controlled by water conditions. A dark greenish-black on back to a bronze-green then to a pale golden-green with white or amber belly. Bass from many farm ponds where the water is rather milky tend to be almost grey-white. Nature tends to camouflage them with their habitat. There is a dark lateral line, more distinct in some specimens than others plus a small but distinct dark spot at the base of the caudal fin.

The shortest spine in the first dorsal is half as long as the longest. There are no scales between the soft rays of the second dorsal. A most certain clue to observe is that the upper jaw will extend past the eye.

A horizontal scale count along the lateral line shows 69 to 73 scales. Counting vertically you will find 8 or 9 rows of scales above the lateral line and 17 to 18 rows below the lateral line. There is also a deep notch between the first and second dorsal.

Spawning begins in spring when the water temperature reaches between 62–65 degrees and hatching usually occurs in 7 to 15 days. Usually the nest will be made in 18 to 36 inches of water but if bottom conditions are not suitable bass will move to other depths. Spawning usually lasts two months. Female bass don't all become ripe at the same time, nor do they complete the spawning in one operation.

Young bass will grow rapidly if the food is plentiful. With ideal conditions yearlings will be 7 to 8 inches long, and in about six years could reach 8½ pounds and about 25 inches in length. The world's record is 22 pounds and 4 ounces. In Louisiana presently the top bass tipped the scale at 11 pounds, 11 ounces and was caught by Elwin Husser in November of 1958.

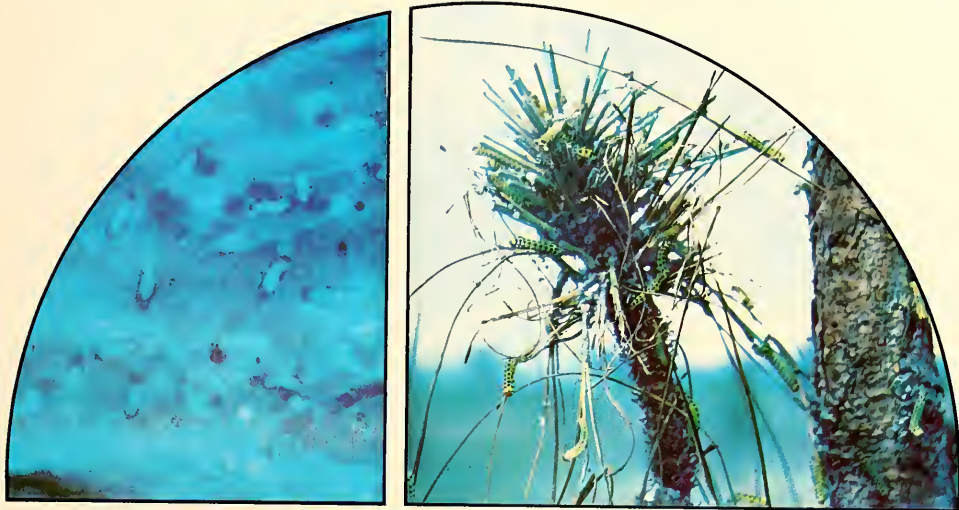
Fishermen use a variety of methods to catch largemouth bass but the purist would never consider anything else but artificial lures. A complete book could be written on lures and their use, but for general information they can be considered to fall into three categories; surface or topwater, medium-running, and bottom baits.

Water temperature, time of day, season, kinds and amount of food present . . . these elements will tell you where and what kind of lure to offer. Largemouth prefer 70 to 72 degrees water. When the surface temperature is 65 to 70 degrees, surface lures will often produce best; when it reaches 70 to 80 degrees, largemouth will seek shade, sinking into deep holes up to 12 feet in depth. In higher than 80 degrees they will move out into deep water where they tend to congregate.

Fly rodding for bass will always give the angler the greatest challenge and satisfaction but will take some time to master. Fishing with spinning equipment would be the best bet for all around bassing and can be very challenging especially if the tackle falls into the ultra lite category. Large bass are best handled on the conventional bait casting rod and reel especially if one fishes in areas where there is a great deal of brush. The majority of the tournament fishermen use only casting equipment with line that may test at 30 pounds to allow him to handle a big bass easier in thick cover where the larger fish tend to hide.

Food for the bass is likely to be more abundant in shallow water where minnows, frogs, crawfish and other small creatures are plentiful.





FOREST INSECT DETECTION

It is estimated that insect activity destroys more than 150,000,000 board feet of timber in Louisiana each year — more than 10 percent of the total volume removed from all causes, including commercial logging, local wood use, storm, and fire. In terms of raw materials, payrolls, woods operation, and supplies, this loss is estimated to exceed \$5,000,000 annually. ■ Insects individually are small, inconspicuous, camouflaged or even hidden within the host plant. Just as a forest fire gives a smoke signal which we can detect, an insect by its action on the tree, through defoliation, boring or outright killing, usually produces very specific symptoms which are readily detectable from the ground. They show up even more dramatically when the insect reaches epidemic proportions and this is viewed from the air. ■ Approximately 50 per cent of Louisiana's total land is in forest acreage; so it is obvious that aerial surveys are the best way — physically and economically — of detecting dangerous or potentially dangerous insect populations. ■ Economically speaking, our worst group of insects are the southern pine bark beetles. This group is made up of Ips species, the black turpentine beetle and the dreaded southern pine beetle. All of them attack and kill the tree the same way, by destroying the cambium region (growth cells) directly below the bark. Pitch tubes on the bark and discoloration of the pine needles are symptoms of bark beetle attack. Unfortunately, by the time these symptoms are detected the beetle already has done its damage and left the tree to attack another. This makes effective control almost impossible. ■ The forest tent caterpillar, a hardwood defoliator which prefers the pure stands of tupelo gum, defoliated 477,000 acres this spring in

Opposite page, top — Aerial view showing foliage discoloration as the result of bark beetle attack. Bottom — Aerial view of pine trees stripped of their foliage by the loblolly pine sawfly larvae. Insert — The southern pine sawyer larva and the damage it does to timber.

Upper left — X-ray of bark samples showing bark beetle brood, used in evaluation of brood population studies. Upper right — Sawfly larvae feeding.



an area extending from southwest of Lake Maurepas to Morgan City. The adult stage of this insect is a moth and it is the immature stage, the larva, that defoliates. Mortality seldom occurs but a growth loss does result. ■ The loblolly sawfly was responsible for approximately 3,400 acres of pine defoliation in the Georgetown-Tullos area. This insect reduces tree growth and occasionally kills. ■ What about control? Or what do you do after insects are detected? Detection through aerial reconnaissance is relatively simple and economical. Control, on the other hand, unfortunately is very complex. Even under epidemic conditions control many times is not economically feasible. Pesticides are often pollutants, i.e., detrimental to wildlife and water even though they may be economically feasible to use. Our most efficient control lies in early detection with immediate salvage of affected timber to minimize losses. And finally, prevention by growing a healthy forest in balance with nature serves as our best control.

1 — Boring holes shown in the bark of a pine tree infested by southern pine bark beetles. Photos 2 and 3, bark beetle complex. Upper, number 2 — black turpentine beetle, lower, Ips beetle. Number 3, upper right — southern pine beetle, lower, Ips beetles. 4 — Gallery pattern in the cambium region, typical of the southern pine beetle.

...comments



Clark M. Hoffpauer

You will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it . . .

—Izaak Walton

Now that the heavy hand of winter has been lifted from the land and there are signs of spring everywhere, it is only natural that the thoughts of sportsmen and their families turn to fishing. I say this in a general way, knowing well that for some anglers the fishing season never ends. Probably no other state offers such excellent salt water angling during the winter months when most of the country is covered with snow and ice.

But it is the coming of spring, when guns are cleaned and stored until the dove and teal seasons in September, that adds several hundred thousand fishermen to the ranks of those dedicated anglers who fish throughout the year, primarily in the gulf and coastal bays, lakes, bayous and canals but also in the fresh water streams, rivers, lakes and impoundments of the state.

Accelerated fresh water angling finds fishermen seeking out crappie, bass, bream and several other species of fresh water fish. Spring fishing in fresh water is at its best during those months when trees are starting to bud out and one knows that winter is over and the pleasure of months of outdoor recreation beckon.

For the hard core salt water fishermen, the hunting months have never changed the coastal angling pattern.

Throughout the winter months, weather permitting, they continue to fish king mackerel, Spanish mackerel, large weakfish that are called white trout in Louisiana, large croakers, bluefish, red snappers, occasional grouper and spadefish offshore around the petroleum and gas drilling and production platforms; and the sulphur mine off Grand Isle.

In the coastal bays, lakes, bayous and oil company canals, fall and winter fishermen reap a fine harvest of spotted sea trout that are called speckled trout, channel bass that are locally named rat reds, flounders, sheepshead and drum.

For all anglers there is something about a spring session with crappie, bass and bream that is as potent and relaxing as the storied proverbial Dandelion tea that some people, still steeped in folklore, regard as a necessary spring tonic.

The swirl of a foraging bass, the dimpled waters where bream are feeding near the surface, and the genuine satisfaction of getting into a school of bedded crappie, all are part of the springtime fishing pattern. A sampling of this sort of fishing is as necessary as cleaning and oiling the lawnmower, with the certain knowledge that the warm months are ahead.

This sort of fishing is really a prelude to late spring and summer fishing that attracts countless thousands of salt water anglers to Louisiana's coastal parishes. April usually marks the

start of the big game fishing season. Big game anglers go into action as soon as word is spread that the first billfish of the season has been boated. There are six or seven billfish tournaments sponsored out of South Pass by the state's three big game fishing clubs, of which the New Orleans Big Game Fishing Club is the oldest. It will celebrate its second decade of official tournaments in July.

World attention has been focused on Louisiana's big game fishing. From April through most of October, South Pass is the scene of much angling activity. The docks at Port Eads, during the tournaments, are laden with giant blue marlin, occasional giant bluefin tuna, yellowfin tuna, sailfish, bull dolphin, wahoo, and occasional Mako sharks.

It is a never-ending source of amazement to people from other states when they hear native Louisianians talk about the fine fishing that we have along the Louisiana coast. They find it difficult to believe, unless they have sampled it themselves.

I feel that I would be remiss not to mention the thousands of offshore oil and gas drilling and production platforms that tend to concentrate fish in great numbers, serving as artificial reefs.

All of this adds up to sport and fun in the sun from spring until fall. The fishing season is at hand, and with it comes the anticipation of many satisfying days afloat.

